Rom. Farewell.
I will omit no opportunity,
That may convey my greetings, Love, to thee.
Jul. O thinkſt thou we ſhall ever meet againe?
Rom. I doubt it not, and all theſe woes ſhall ſerve
For ſweet diſcourſes in our time to come.
Jul. O God, I have an ill divining ſoule,
Me thinkes I ſee thee now thou art ſo low
As one dead in the bottome of a tombe;
Either my eye-ſight failes or thou lookſt pale.
Rom. And truſt me love in my eye ſo doe you,
Dry ſorrow drinkes our blood. Adieu, adieu.
Exit.

Jul. O fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle;
If thou art fickle what doſt thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle fortune,
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But ſend him backe.
Enter Mother.

La. Ho daughter, are you up?
Jul. Who iſt that calls? it is my Lady mother.
Is ſhe not downe ſo late, or up ſo early?
What unaccuſtom'd cauſe procures her hither?
La. Why how now *Juliet*?
Jul. Madam I am not well.
La. Evermore weeping for your couſins death?
What? wilt thou waſh him from his grave with teares?
And if thou couldſt, thou couldſt not make him live;
Therefore have done, ſome griefe ſhewes much of love,
But much of griefe ſhewes ſtill ſome want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me weepe for ſuch a feeling loſſe.
La. So ſhall you feele the loſſe, but not the friend
Which you weepe for.
Jul. Feeling ſo the loſſe,
I cannot chuſe but ever weepe the friend.
La. Well Girle, thou weepſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the villaine lives which ſlaughtered him.

Jul.

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